

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Vacation

JANE BUESCHER

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1944-1945

JANICE DE LANO FOLLOWED HELEN TOWARD THE MIDDLE of the car, and sat down beside her on the dusty stuffed seat. As the train slowly pulled out of the University station, Janice realized that this would be her first Christmas away from her home in New York, but she admitted that the thought of spending the holidays on a midwestern farm was far from unpleasant.

"It was so swell of you to ask me down for the vacation, Helen. You know, when I came here to school, I knew that I wouldn't be getting home, and I sure appreciate your family's hospitality."

"Oh, that's all right, Janice," said Helen. "We're glad you are coming. Of course," she added, "this won't be anything at all, compared to what you're used to."

"Don't be silly. Why, I've never really been on a farm before, and I can hardly wait to see everything."

"Oh, it's all right."

"It will be so wonderful to have a little time to relax."

"Well, sometimes it gets kind of boring if you're used to it."

"How soon will we get there?"

"I made it in about an hour at Thanksgiving time."

"Will your folks meet us at the station?"

"My folks and the whole rest of the town, probably."

"It must be nice to live in such a friendly town."

"Yeah."

Janice settled back to watch the scenery change to a blend of farmhouses and large fields.

"Gee, everything looks so good."

"Good? Yes, I guess it does."

They paused to watch a little fellow across the aisle gnaw on an immense Jonathan apple. Janice closed her eyes. She recalled the things she had heard about Christmas dinners in the country. Why, there'd surely be roast turkey, and dressing. And maybe they'd have pumpkin pie with whipped cream! This would be a real, honest-to-goodness treat. She opened her eyes, and noticed a concerned look on Helen's face.

"Something the matter?"

"Oh, no. I was just thinking."

They pulled into Bicknell at 5:56, and Janice and Helen were the only two passengers to get off the train. The station was exactly what Janice had

hoped it would be. The dirty-brown building looked as if it had not been painted since it had been built, and the concrete steps leading to the door had settled decidedly on the right side. At the end of the brick platform stood a man and a woman with a half-grown boy.

"Look, that must be your family, Helen."

"Hello, Dad and Mom!" she shouted, and then remembering Janice, she pulled her friend toward them. "This is Janice De Lano. Janice, my father and mother. Oh, and this is Peter."

"How do you do, Mr. and Mrs. Borgmeier. I'm very glad to meet you both, and Peter, too."

The buxom woman patted Janice on the shoulder, and said, "We're awfully glad to have you come. Helen mentions you in every letter from school."

Mr. Borgmeier said, "Hello, Jean," and then turned to his wife. "Let's get going. I have all the milking to do after supper because Bill is so drunk he can't stand up."

They started toward the car, and Janice heard Helen whisper to her father, "Dad, her name is Janice, not Jean, and why did you have to say that about Bill?"

Helen's brother didn't bother to whisper. "What's the big idea of saying my name's Peter? Pete is plenty good, and if you don't like it you can—"

"Pete, shut up. For heaven's sake, she heard you."

"Well, tough."

"Janice, don't mind Peter. He's in a terrible mood."

"Oh, that's all right. Gee, is that the general store you were telling us about?"

"Yes, that's Shaeffer's. It's not very nice from the outside, but they have some pretty good things there once in a while."

Mr. Borgmeier climbed into the driver's seat and waited for the rest of them to get into the car. "Dad doesn't always remember his manners when he is in a hurry, do you, Dad?"

"Huh?"

"Never mind." She hurried on, "That's the freezing unit over on our right, Janice. It's the only one in the county."

"Is that right?"

"Yes, and there's the big dairy that buys all our milk. It probably isn't much, though, compared to the ones in New York."

"Why, I have never seen one before. This is really interesting." She looked out the window at several of the farmhouses.

"That's where Uncle Carl lives," said Pete when they passed a mustard-colored house.

"Hasn't he painted the house yet?" asked Helen. "I thought he was going to do it this fall."

"Never heard him mention it," muttered Mr. Borgmeier.

"There's our place," said Mrs. Borgmeier, pointing to a one-story frame house just around the bend in the road.

"Oh, it's wonderful! It looks like I thought it would. Why, there's even a white fence," said the delighted Janice.

"Well, we like it," said Helen. "Perhaps next spring we can fix it up a little better, but you know—with the war and all, and materials so hard to get, well—"

"Is that a dog in the front yard?" asked Janice.

"Sure," said Pete. "That's Mutt. We've had him for a long time. If his fleas just weren't so bad—"

"Peter!"

"What's wrong with you, Sis?"

"Oh, nothing, but why not tell Helen something about school?"

"What's your trouble, anyhow? There's nothing to tell about school."

"Oh, all right. Just skip it."

Janice looked quite amused and smiled at Pete with understanding. Helen grabbed Janice's arm and quickly said, "Come on. Let's go in the house." After they were walking up the walk to the front door, she explained, "I just can't do a thing with Peter. But I guess boys will be boys." She laughed nervously.

"Where did the rest of the family go?" asked Janice.

"Oh, I guess they must have gone in the back way."

The house was as neat as Janice had ever seen a house, and every bit of furniture from the sagging davenport to the mahogany rocking chair looked completely comfortable. Just looking at it gave her a feeling of relaxation.

"I suppose this isn't much like New York, is it?" asked Helen.

"No, but it certainly is perfect. And I think your little brother is absolutely darling."

"Well, Peter means well." Helen turned and asked, "Would you like to unpack your things, Janice?"

"All right. But why don't we help your mother first? I'll bet she has a lot of extra work to do, with me here."

"Oh, you don't have to help, Janice. I'll help her, and when you get through, call me."

Janice began to unpack her clothes and hang them on the hangers which Helen had put out for her. She took her time, and sniffed the barnyard smells that had come in through the open window. A rooster crowed.

She finished emptying the suitcase and walked toward the bedroom door, above which hung an immense shotgun. As she wandered into the spacious hall, she heard Helen and Mrs. Borgmeier preparing supper in the kitchen.

"Wouldn't you like to come into the parlor, Jean?" asked Mr. Borgmeier,

who had taken off his shoes and rolled up the sleeves of his sweaty blue shirt. Little pieces of straw scattered from his overalls and made a trail across the hall where he walked.

"I'd love it." She followed him, and paused as he reached for the black photograph album which lay on the table next to an antique-looking floor lamp.

"Thought maybe you'd like to see some pictures."

"Why, that would be swell!" They sat down on the davenport and opened the book to the first page.

"That's Aunt Minnie Kettlehoot, when she was married. Hasn't changed a bit in all these years."

Janice watched the man as he eagerly told about his many relatives. "This is just like I thought it would be," she mused.

"Dad!" Helen rushed into the room, looked at the couple sitting on the sofa, and looked at her father very seriously. "I think you'd better get washed. Dinner is almost ready to be served."

"Supper's kinda early tonight, isn't it?" he asked, as he slowly rose to his feet and walked from the room.

"Has Dad been boring you with that old family album? I told Mother that she should put it in the attic. I think we're about ready to eat, Janice."

They walked into the dining room, and Helen noticed that her father had already sat down at the table. Obviously the best silver and dishes had been used, and candles at both ends of the table were the only lights in the room. Pete rushed in, sat down, and whistled audibly.

"Holy Christopher!"

"My, everything looks perfect," said Janice, eyeing a steaming platter of ham and eggs and a large bowl of apple butter. She thought that it had been several months since she had had ham and eggs. These looked delicious.

"It's too bad that we couldn't have something good for the first night," said Helen, "but Mother just didn't have time."

"Why, this tastes wonderful, Helen. I wish we had food like this at school."

Pete and Mr. Borgmeier ate heartily, and Janice did the same. Helen toyed with her food and gave Pete dirty looks every time he placed one or both elbows on the table.

"Helen suggested that I make a French custard pie for dessert," said Mrs. Borgmeier, when the main part of the meal had been completed. "I guess I should have made pumpkin, because I'm afraid it isn't so good."

Mrs. Borgmeier was right; she should have made pumpkin. The ensuing ten minutes were embarrassing for Janice and the Borgmeiers alike.

"Whoops!" said Pete, as the French custard dripped from his fork. "Kinda runny, isn't it?"

Finally they rose from the table, and while Mr. Borgmeier milked the cows, the girls helped with the dishes. At length, they all sat around in the parlor and listened to a news broadcast, while Mr. Borgmeier smoked his pipe.

"I'm having such a wonderful time, Helen," Janice whispered, during the commercial.

A bit of music ended the program, and suddenly Mr. Borgmeier yawned. "Well, it's eight-thirty."

"We can stay up longer if we want to, Janice," said Helen.

"Let's go to bed, kiddo. It will be so super to take it easy and get a good night's sleep."

"It's too bad we're not nearer town, so we could go to the movie," said Helen.

After they had finished getting ready for bed, Mrs. Borgmeier came in and said goodnight, and then tiptoed from the room.

"Girls who live in the city are lucky," said Helen, as she reached up and turned out the light above the bed.

Janice rolled over and smiled as she remembered the time when her brother had produced a small, green garter snake at her sixteenth birthday party.

Cakes and Ale by Somerset Maugham

MARJORIE HIGGINS

DGS 1b, Theme 1, 1944-1945

TO A GREATER DEGREE THAN MOST WRITERS, SOMERSET Maugham is best when he is autobiographical. *Cakes and Ale* is one of his best books because it is one in which he draws upon his own experience for material. It is not so good as his best novel, *Of Human Bondage*, because the story of Philip Carey is essentially Maugham's life, which, once written, could never be entirely re-used. It is rather significant that these two books, generally considered Mr. Maugham's best, follow his own experience more closely than do his later works, which the critics say have fallen off in quality, best-sellers or not. It may be that his departure from autobiographical themes—he is now planning one novel about Machiavelli and another which is set in sixteenth-century Spain—accounts for the slump in his work.

Cakes and Ale is one of the English author's earlier books, and parts of it could have been copied from his own diary. The setting in the clergyman's

disciplined household, the residence in London, the hero's writing—all are too familiar to Maugham readers to require elaboration.

Besides the autobiographical style, *Cakes and Ale* illustrates other Maugham characteristics: his critical attitude toward other authors unless they are long dead; his rather cruel habit which Mary M. Cohen called "depicting living people with what often has seemed calculated malice." *Cakes and Ale* is a satire which has been taken as a libel on both Thomas Hardy and Sir Hugh Walpole. The man who owes so much to Daphne du Maurier is Maugham's plugging, fawning novelist, Alroy Kear. Kear provides the background for the series of flashbacks of which *Cakes and Ale* is composed, by attempting to sponge material for his discreet, distorted biography of Driffield (Hardy) from the narrator, obviously Maugham.

The story concerns an English novelist and his ex-barmaid wife. The wife, Rosie, is usually involved in a series of affairs which she explains away like a true follower of Omar with, "Enjoy yourself while you have the chance, I say; we shall all be dead in a hundred years and what will anything matter then?" Her husband, Driffield, seems not to mind, as long as Rosie stays with him. He even draws on his observations of her experience for parts of his novels. Rosie is the most interesting character in the book. She is likable, but one doesn't worry about her. When she runs away with the least charming of her "gentlemen friends," you don't care at all. She is "not a woman who ever inspired love," wrote Maugham. "Only affection." At another spot in the story he says her life "had no effect on her character; she remained sincere, unspoiled, and artless." He has made her seem so to the reader.

Even so brief a review of the story must have presented another Maugham quality—the familiarity of the situations and characters. Over and over again he uses the same setting, the same people. "It is true," writes Jerome Weidman in his introduction to an anthology of Maugham's work, "that in almost every Maugham book or story there is a girl whose beauty is so great that she takes your breath away, or a young man who is not out of the top drawer, or a barrister who will never set the Thames on fire, or an irascible old gentlewoman who comes down on people like a thousand of brick. . . ." But he goes on to say that Maugham is a man "who can arrange the simple words and phrases, the clichés, if you will, of our language in such patterns that they stare up at you from the page with freshness and excitement." He thinks the triteness in some of Maugham's work is merely the result of its realism.

One of Mr. Maugham's theories is that a novel should not attempt to instruct the reader in psychology, sociology, or theory. It should entertain, and if it does not entertain, it is a bad novel. *Cakes and Ale* is a good novel. It is Somerset Maugham at his entertaining best, which is quite good enough for me.

Postwar Aviation

HARLOW B. STALEY

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945

BEFORE WORLD WAR II THE AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY WAS a comparatively young but fast-growing industry. At that time it was considered chiefly a national, rather than an international, responsibility. Naturally there were problems, and they were solved individually as they arose. Gradually a national policy for aviation was worked out.

As the industry expanded, international airlines were established. Again problems arose, and again they were solved individually. Deals between countries were made for reciprocal flying rights and between companies and nations for the privilege of running commercial airlines in foreign countries. Pan American Airways, the first American company to enter the international field, could fly into thirty-eight countries. The United States had reciprocal agreements with England, France, Canada, and Colombia. Germany, England, the Netherlands, and France also had landing agreements with many other countries.¹

World War II has developed aviation to such an extent that a whole new series of international routes will spring up after the war. This brings up a new problem: What type of control should there be over international airlines? Such a large international enterprise will require some regulation, but it should be regulation which will not stifle development. There are several aspects to the problem. In order to insure safety, an international agreement on technical standards had to evolve. In order to prevent ruinous competition, some sort of regulation to prevent the creation of excess facilities was necessary.²

The political, and most important, phase of the problem concerns what is called freedom of the air.³ Should we have complete internationalism or unrestrained freedom of the air? Freedom of the air would be competition with a minimum of controls. Its advocates picture it as bringing vast expansions and improvements from unrestrained commercial enterprises. On the other hand, the advocates of internationalism claim that their policy would insure world peace and develop sound air transport.⁴ Actually the whole setup closely resembles a rat-race with everyone looking out for his own interests first.⁵

¹ J. Kastner, "Postwar Air," *Life*, XV (November 1, 1943), 101.

² F. H. Page, "The Future of the Skyways," *Foreign Affairs*, XX (April, 1944), 404-6.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 407.

⁴ S. G. Cameron, "International Air Transport," *Canada Forum*, XXIV (October, 1944), 155.

⁵ Kastner, *loc. cit.*

The final result will probably be some sort of compromise between the two schools of thought. Four gradations of freedom of the air, as given by F. H. Page in "The Future of the Skyways," are as follows:

"(1) The right to fly over a country without landing.

"(2) The right to land and refuel, but not to deliver or pick up passengers, goods, and mails.

"(3) The right to land and to deliver and pick up passengers from and for other countries.

"(4) The right to land, and to deliver and pick up passengers, goods, and mail."⁶

Another important problem, chiefly national in character, is whether to use a "chosen instrument" or have several companies of the same country operating in international airlines. Connected with this are the questions of government ownership and subsidies.

Geography will obviously play an important part in postwar aviation. The influential factor will be the distribution of the world's trading areas. Europe lies near the center of trade. The United States, South America, South Africa, and the Far East lie farther out. The importance of this is evident when the fact that costs vary almost directly with distance in air transportation is considered.⁷ Various nations or their possessions are on main routes, giving them an advantage. Yet no nation has a monopoly on air routes. The three most important "strategic areas" are probably Alaska, Labrador, and Soviet Eastern Siberia. They can all, however, be by-passed if necessary.⁸ Perhaps the most notable of the new routes will be those which skirt the arctic both east and west of the United States. Contrary to popular belief, none of them will cross the North Pole, which is often the shortest, but not the most efficient, route between northern cities.⁹

In Washington the State Department policy has followed the views of the American airlines which are holding out for virtual freedom of the air. These powerful companies, confident of their own ability to circle the world with a network of airlines, entertain no thoughts of real international control.

In the fall of 1943 the Civil Aeronautics Board sent questionnaires to "qualified persons," seeking the answers to various questions of postwar aviation. The majority of those answering these questionnaires believed that the government should not participate in the ownership or management of airlines or create a national corporation to operate the international air routes. This opinion was expressed by seventeen domestic airline operators and American Export Lines.¹⁰ The Civil Aeronautics Board then gave

⁶ Page, *loc. cit.*

⁷ J. P. VanZandt, *Geography of World Air Transport*, pp. 4-5.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 42.

⁹ Kastner, *op. cit.*, p. 100.

¹⁰ M. H. Froelich, "Report from Washington; Aviation's Postwar Problems," *Flying*, XXX (August, 1943), 196.

notice, by its proceedings, without boldly grasping the issue, that the "chosen instrument" policy was practically out in favor of competitive operations on international routes.¹¹ But the "chosen instrument" is still not a dead issue. Many of its advocates are in high places. Pan American Airways, which would become the "instrument," plans to sell forty-nine percent of its stock to the government. This would make it a quasi-official airline which would represent the United States in foreign air transportation.¹²

The Civil Aeronautics Board continued to make plans. Early in July it announced twenty new routes which it "tentatively concluded" would be desirable for operation by American carriers. On August 1, hearings were begun for the authority to operate these extensive routes.¹³ The chief route to Asia will be through Alaska, north of the bad weather of the Aleutians. This way is shorter than the southern island route for points as far south as Darwin, Australia. On the Atlantic side the route will also be north through Labrador. This is the shortest route from points as far south as Texas to most points in Africa. Our whole southern border is a gateway to Central and South America. Here nature has been lavish with her island stepping stones for intermediate landing points.¹⁴

The United States, however, holds no chain of bases to give it an advantage in the postwar air. Only in the Pacific, with a series of island bases, can the United States really stretch out. Even southward our last base is Panama. If all of the skies were closed, the United States would be in a poor position for operating international airlines. We might, by making deals with France and Portugal, be able to obtain bases which would carry us around the world. Otherwise, the use of British bases will be necessary.¹⁵

Six months after the war, the United States loses control of the bases it has built on British territory.¹⁶ In May, 1944, England's cabinet member in charge of aviation, Lord Beaverbrook, told the House of Lords that the United States could not use for civil aviation the Western Hemisphere bases which England leased to us for ninety-nine years for military purposes.¹⁷ Of course, some countries which cannot develop their own international airlines will be eager to be on the routes of other nations. They will give flying rights to the nation which will give them the most efficient service. The United States is a rich trading center, and therefore they will be eager to have reciprocal flying rights with us.¹⁸ But in the long run we must depend

¹¹ Cameron, *op. cit.*, p. 158.

¹² Froelich, *op. cit.*, p. 71.

¹³ Cameron, *loc. cit.*

¹⁴ VanZandt, *op. cit.*, pp. 31-37.

¹⁵ Kastner, *op. cit.*, p. 102.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 101.

¹⁷ "American Plan," *Newsweek*, XXIII (May 22, 1944), 70.

¹⁸ Kastner, *op. cit.*, p. 102.

upon efficiency and technical superiority to offset our greater flying distance from the world's trading centers.¹⁹

After the war the resources of the United States for flying will exceed those of any other nation. The government is already operating the greatest air transport in the world—the Army's Air Transport Command and the Navy's Air Transport Service. This is accompanied by a vast world-wide development of ground services. The government also owns thousands of airplanes which can be converted to commercial transport use—both of the main line and feeder type. Most of the airplane plants now manufacturing military planes can easily be converted to civil aircraft. The question is, "Will the government be willing to turn its vast resources over to private industry after the war as it did after World War I?"²⁰

Canada is pressing for a high place in international air transport. On April 2, 1943, the Prime Minister stated that the government intended to take full advantage of Canada's geographical position and develop aviation. Flying privileges which had been granted to other countries were to be terminated soon after the war. He also said, "The government sees no reason for changing its policy that Trans-Canada Airlines is the sole Canadian agency which may operate international air services."²¹

On March 17, 1944, the Canadian Government tabled a draft at the International Air Transport Convention which envisioned an International Air Transport Authority with the structure of normal international organizations.²² The Canadian plan includes international strait jacket control of service frequencies, rates, and national passenger and cargo quotas.²³ The reason for Canada's fight for internationalism, which is directly opposed to the United States' desire for free air, is obvious. She is afraid that without restraint the American airlines would offer competition which would drive Canada out of the sky. After the war the United States will need Canadian bases, and this is Canada's strongest bargaining lever. Canada controls the important northeastern route to Europe. This advantage, however, could be eliminated by technical developments increasing the range of aircraft.²⁴

Canada will not be lacking in bases and ground services after the war. Soon after Pearl Harbor, the United States spent \$90,683,000 for airfields in Canada. Canada spent another \$31,600,000. Canada was to be reimbursed by the United States, but its government resolved that no foreign country should own vital facilities in the Dominion. Canada will pay the United

¹⁹ VanZandt, *op. cit.*, pp. 4-5.

²⁰ Froelich, *loc. cit.*

²¹ Cameron, *op. cit.*, p. 155.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 158.

²³ "American Plan," *loc. cit.*

²⁴ "CAB Study Indicates Lines of Postwar Air Horse Trading," *Newsweek*, XX (October 25, 1944), 72.

States \$76,811,500 for the estimated value of the United States' investments, thus bringing her investment in these vital routes to about \$110,000,000.²⁵

To Britain, keeping up with the rest of the world in international airlines is imperative. Her revenue from shipping and other accessories to foreign trade are vital to her. Before the war Britain was involved in forty percent of the world's international trade. British shipping firms are seeking control of the airlines and are in favor of free air. At first Britain had agreed with Canada's plan, differing only on details. Then, in April, 1944, Lord Beaverbrook, the United States State Department's Assistant Secretary, Adolf Berle, and other experts held a conference in London. Soon afterward, Beaverbrook announced to the House of Lords that the Canadian plan had been abandoned in favor of the American plan. On the same day he revealed that the United States had promised to supply Britain with transport planes after the war, while Britain was returning to peacetime production. It was all still in the doubtful stage. Britain is also beginning to favor competition on international routes over the "chosen instrument."²⁶

Great Britain is the only nation which could operate a world airline under a closed sky. Her possessions stretch around the globe and are within flying distance of each other. The only gap is in the Pacific, where Britain needs Hawaii.²⁷

In October, 1944, the British Commonwealth held a conference in Montreal. At its end a communique was issued stating that the representatives had agreed on the desirability of international authority, air services connecting Commonwealth Countries, and a Commonwealth Air Transport Council. Charts of proposed routes were approved and technical committees submitted reports to be approved by the individual governments. Nothing bound any nation's action in the United Nations Conference in Chicago in November.²⁸

This was the way the three nations most concerned, the United States, Great Britain, and Canada, were lined up when the Civil Aviation Conference opened up in Chicago in the early part of last November with approximately fifty nations participating. A. A. Berle, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State, opened the conference.²⁹ The objectives were threefold: to set up an international civil authority to coordinate commercial aviation policies; to decide on technical regulations; and to draw up operation plans and minimum rates.³⁰

According to the statement made by Mr. Berle at the conference, the United States believes in the sovereign rights of a nation to control the air

²⁵ "Airways—for War & Postwar," *Business Week*, November 4, 1944, p. 116.

²⁶ Page, *op. cit.*, p. 412.

²⁷ Kastner, *op. cit.*, p. 103.

²⁸ "Empire Air Plans," *Business Week*, November 4, 1944, p. 117.

²⁹ "This Is Our Air Policy—So Far," *Aviation*, XLIII (December, 1944), 119.

³⁰ "World Trade—The Postwar War," *Business Week*, December 9, 1944, p. 15.

above it. A definite stand was taken against a powerful international governing body.³¹ United States delegates insisted on the right to make bilateral agreements, which would give the United States an advantage over other nations. Also, most of the air transport business begins here. Great Britain, knowing this, demanded a control of routes with British and American airlines on an equal basis. The conference was split wide open by the opposing views of the two countries.³²

Finally the United States delegates won a partial victory. A draft proposal was adopted to be submitted to the governments of the nations represented. The draft calls for the following:

"(1) Creation of a world assembly to coordinate civil aviation, with every nation—large or small—allowed an equal vote, but with actual business between sessions of the full assembly to be handled by a smaller elected council.

"(2) Technical regulations, through the council, which will provide for such things as uniform landing signals, weather reports, airport facilities, and quarantine regulations.

"(3) Agreement on air routes to be negotiated on a bilateral reciprocal basis, rather than allocated on an international control basis as desired originally by the British, and with the individual countries determining the frequency of their schedules. . . .

"(4) Agreement on minimum rates in order to avoid cutthroat competition and subsidy wars."³³

Another statement made by Berle during the conference was that this country would make transport planes available to nations that recognize "the right of friendly intercourse" when the military situation permits. This was to be done without discrimination.³⁴ After a month and a half the conference closed.

The real battle between the United States and Great Britain will not come until after victory. In the meantime the United States and the nations which support its proposals (most of the Western Hemisphere) will proceed with bilateral deals for routes. Britain and its supporters (mainly the Empire and Western Europe) will probably form a multilateral plan to bargain as a unit or with a fixed set of demands. This could freeze us out of certain areas.³⁵

Another problem which will come to the front after the war is what to do about commercial airline services to Germany. The best solution would probably be to inaugurate routes to which all nations would have access. The entire ground organization would be put into the hands of the United Na-

³¹ "This Is Our Air Policy—So Far," *loc. cit.*

³² "World Trade—The Postwar War," *loc. cit.*

³³ The War and Business Abroad," *Business Week*, November 4, 1944, p. 119.

³⁴ "World Trade—The Postwar War," *loc. cit.*

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 16.

tions. This would be an experiment in freedom of the air, and could form a pattern to be extended later. It would also give the Allies a commercial interest in preventing Germany from rebuilding her air fleet soon after the war.³⁶

³⁶ Page, *op. cit.*, p. 408.

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"Usted Es en Su Casa"

To the Spaniard, his home is literally his castle, into which admission is not readily granted. For example, let us say that you are calling on a man in Madrid. The houses all look alike with plain, unprepossessing faces and huge, solid, brass-studded doors. If your visit is being made after sundown, you call the *sereno* who has charge of this immediate neighborhood, and you notice a bunch of enormous keys hanging from his belt. These keys unlock any door on his street. He manipulates the knocker and presently you find yourself looking into a pair of eyes through a slit in the door. After your name and business are stated, the *sereno* unlocks the door and you are taken by the servant to his master.

"Where, then," you ask me, "is the world-famous Spanish hospitality?" I'll get to that. Our idea of hospitality differs considerably from that of the Spaniards. It was an old American custom of the pioneer days to give every stranger a hearty welcome and a "make yoreself at home." Theirs is a different conception. They might almost call our hospitality promiscuousness. A Spaniard might sit all afternoon with chance acquaintances, drinking "cafe real" and gossiping. But later, when the time for parting comes, will he ask them to his house? Hardly! His home is his retreat, his place of seclusion for himself and his family.

And yet, when once you prove yourself to be a true friend, you are accepted on such terms as are very seldom encountered in English-speaking countries. You are truly made a part of the family circle, and there is nothing that any of its members will not do for you. You finally realize that when a Spaniard pronounces the formal greeting, "Usted es en su casa" (which simply means "You are in your home"), he is paying you his highest possible compliment.

—LYNN WOODWARD

Sunset on Guadalcanal

WILLIAM SCHOPF

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

FIVE DAYS OF PURE HELL. FIVE DAYS OF ROARING, flaming death, with men screaming, fighting, and dying suddenly and horribly.

Hell-cats and torpedo bombers in a finish fight overhead screamed in wing-tearing dives, or plunged with shattering explosions into the oily, congested ocean. For five terrible days the United States Navy lashed out with every gun she had. Navy planes bombed and strafed. The Japs died in hordes. They fought as only desperate, cornered men can fight. And through the middle of that blood-crazed melee, the fighting marines slogged to a bloody, costly victory.

We died a thousand awful ways before we secured that battle-scarred island. Stumbling and splashing through the cold water, we crawled, waded, or swam toward that bitterly contested shoreline. But for every drenched, shivering marine who flung himself prone on the narrow strip of land, still alive and game, there were three other American boys who were only lifeless hulks—ragged, pitiful bundles of khaki that would never laugh or fight again—water-logged corpses floating out to sea to be listed as “missing in action.” Here was man gone berserk, hurling all the violent forces of destruction at his command against his brother man. Here was chaos, a place of utter devastation, a living hell.

But this was our easy assignment. This was only the island of Tulagi. The colonel had told us how lucky we were. Our detachment would not run into much resistance. Only a couple of hundred Japanese soldiers to clean up and then on to Guadalcanal. But when we waded into that easy assignment, we found not two hundred Japs, but four thousand waiting for us. And we paid for the mistake with our dead and dying. We marched over the piled bodies of our own dead because it was an order and because there is no such word as retreat in the Marine Corps. Perhaps we who lived were not the lucky ones. If we had known what was in store for us, we might have chosen to be listed among the dead or missing. But we didn't know. We were going to take this “damned island,” and then we were going to sleep for a year. And there are men who are sleeping, sleeping forever. Maybe it sounds foolish to say that those who died were the lucky ones, but we who lived were truly the unfortunates. Bearded, dirty, hungry ghosts we were. Far from the glorious and victorious heroes you read about in the newspapers, we were just a bedraggled lot of weary men. We were stunned, some of us sick, and

all of us a little crazy, I think. We had been through what no words can tell about. Our minds could not and will never grasp the horrors of that fiendish nightmare of war. And all we wanted was a shave, a cooling bath, and something to eat.

All we wanted—All we got was “Bloody Hill,” in our next objective, Guadalcanal.

It was suicide all over again. It was something that had to be done and we who were left had to do it. We might have rebelled, but we were too tired. We just picked up those familiar rifles and marched out to die all over again.

When it was all over we read about it in the papers. We found out what we had done and why. The Japs were awake by then. They had an airport from which they were striking again and again with disastrous effects. Overlooking the airfield was a long, high hill. Strategically located on top of the hill was a big, sixteen-inch naval gun with which the Japs stopped every advance. That airport was the last desperate hope of the enemy, and they were determined to hold onto it. “Big Mike” we called that huge gun, and we all knew him and respected him before we took that hill. We couldn’t face him. He mowed us down like so much hay. Our only alternative was a flanking movement up the sides of the hill, which would bring us under the range of “Big Mike” and give us a chance to meet the Japs. Once we captured that final point, the battle for possession of the island would be over, except for the mopping up of snipers. The Japs knew this and threw in every man, gun, airplane that they had available. Another huge dog fight took place. Planes, screaming, diving, zooming madly, chasing one another with machine guns blazing, roared over the hill and out to the ocean. We started our flanking movement and they met us halfway. They had to stop us, so down they came. We had died before. We had seen the Japs die and had seen bodies pile up, but we had never seen anything to compare with this. They came down in hordes, and they died that way. Men fell and were covered up with more dead men on falling. It was kill or be killed. We didn’t think. We didn’t feel. We fought in a subconscious world. Occasionally the screams of the dying, or the incessant rattle of a particularly annoying machine gun penetrated the haze of one’s mind. But for the most part we were merely trained robots of destruction, to kill or be killed.

A small group of men finally gained the top. That spelled finis for the Japs. They were caught between their own machine guns, a devastating cross-fire from which there was no escape. “Big Mike” was silenced once and for all. Later came the flame-throwers, and the last of the Japs were routed out of the tunnels and pillboxes. When the battle was ended, the only Japs that remained were the dead ones. The rising sun had set on Guadalcanal.

“... until the day I die”

ERNEST ORCUTT

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1944-1945

THAT SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1941, WASN'T any different from the thousands of other Sunday mornings that had preceded it. The navy yard was quiet and peaceful with a few yard workmen coming and going, changing from the graveyard shift to the day shift. Great, sleek warships, painted battle-gray, lay to, sleeping at their mooring buoys, or tied up at the many docks. It was a particularly lazy day, hot and tranquil. The time was approximately six o'clock in the morning. The only sounds that could be heard were from the shrill, echoing boat-swains' calls as they piped all hands to chow. There was hardly any movement of the water except the gentle lapping of small waves at the ship's sides which accentuated the Sunday lassitude.

With their morning meal finished, spotless, white-clad sailors began to appear on the weather deck, some leaning on the lifelines casually looking into the water below, some lying and sitting on the equally spotless deck, bleached white with countless scrubblings. There was hardly any talk between them because, as was usual on all such mornings, everyone was thinking about home and his family. After a short while of reminiscing they started to straggle below decks again to get ready for liberty in Honolulu, which began at eight o'clock.

I was sitting on some bitts on the starboard side of the fantail, "shooting the breeze" with a shipmate and sipping an all-too-hot cup of "mud" when the stab in the back came. Coming over the purple mountains toward Pearl Harbor were countless planes with peculiar markings on them. We didn't know of any flying drills that day or have any idea why they were up there. We were soon to find out. They came in at a very low altitude—very fast. It was then that all Hell broke loose. God must have been asleep in Heaven. Dive bombers came down and started dropping bombs on the ships; torpedo bombers came in close to the water, dropped their deadly tin fish, then zoomed skyward. The air was full of flying bombs bursting on and around the warships. The water was full of torpedoes, deadly fish rushing to the kill. Through all this we remained stunned, hardly believing our eyes and wishing that we had no eyes to see with.

A direct bomb hit amidships and the terrifying screams of dying men, our shipmates, brought us to our senses. The Japs had attacked Pearl Harbor; unbelievable, yet true. Immediately, over the amplifying system, came the call to general quarters, "All hands man your battle stations." This was repeated over and over again. Almost simultaneously with the call every

man was at his station. We didn't wait for the command to "commence firing," as we had done so many times in practice. This was the real thing. By this time fire had broken out in a number of places, doubling the task. Jap planes were coming at us from all angles of the clock, bent on strafing the sailors that had battle stations topside. Men began dropping all around. Their war had begun and ended within a space of minutes. The remaining men expected to join them at any time, but prayed silently, hoping to be spared to carry on the fight until every last Jap was dead.

Fury and hate mounted so high in every man in the fleet that it proved very fateful for a number of unlucky Japs shot down. Every Japanese that survived the crash was torn apart by the infuriated sailors. Not one came out of the water alive; or if he did, his head was crushed in, teeth kicked out, and arms and legs torn from their sockets. The unbelievable treachery of the attack had sprung all the inhibitions of the human beings who a few moments before had been men of Sunday peace.

When the remaining planes had gone, men continued to fire their guns into the air at anything, mostly at nothing. Shock benumbed reason.

Some ships were sinking at their moorings with just the top of the foremast above water, others were zigzagging crazily across the harbor, and still others were blowing up from magazine explosions. The water was now covered with a thick blanket of oil about four inches in depth. Men were swimming, trying to keep their heads above it.

This is a small part of the scene at Pearl Harbor that fateful day. The number of men and ships lost will remain a secret until this war is ended, but the toll was great. December 7, 1941, will be with me until the day I die.

Coal Dust

LUCILLE SEREPINAS

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

TEN YEARS AGO, WESTVILLE, ILLINOIS, WAS A PROSPEROUS coal-mining town inhabited by Lithuanian immigrants, strong, healthy individuals, unafraid of hard work. Naturally, these people gravitated to the coal mines, where most of the work required no skill and yet paid well. At a glance, one could tell Westville was prosperous. Most of Main Street was newly paved; the walks were broadened; a new hotel was built; bright neon signs went up above almost all the stores; and each Saturday night, Main and State Streets were thronged with old and young alike.

The coal mine was of the greatest importance to this settlement, for without it, the town would not have existed. Bunsunville Mine was only two

miles away from our house; but we could hear the mine's shrill whistle as if it were only in the next block. I well remember how, as a little girl, I was awakened at five o'clock each morning by this whistle which indicated that the men on the night shift had finished working. I knew that in another hour, my father, who worked on the day shift, would be lowered down into the deep shaft of the mine. Therefore, each working day at five in the morning, Mother and I got up to prepare Father's breakfast, which required some time and effort. A miner could not be expected to have only a cup of coffee and a roll; his strenuous day ahead required that breakfast be the heaviest and best meal of the day. After breakfast, Father and the other miners caught the "5:45 train." Two hours later, as I trudged to school, I noticed the deep silence which had befallen the town.

I was happiest during the summer, when school was not in session. Then, the other miners' children and I arose early, packed a lunch, and hiked to "No. 4 Hill" to watch the sun rise. "No. 4 Hill" had been a coal mine fifty years before; it was a steep but rather ordinary hill. Here and there were patches of red clay and slate deposits, over which the grass did not grow. We children never tired of climbing this hill, for each time we would choose different paths up and see which one of us would reach the top first.

When the sun climbed high in the sky and became quite hot, my friends and I rolled down and followed the adjoining railroad tracks to Jenkins' Ford, where there was a natural "spring." After drinking our fill of the cool water, we took off our shoes and splashed around in the soothing creek. By that time, we had such enormous appetites that our sandwiches seemed inadequate. In that case, we would fill our stomachs on the wild strawberries which we gathered on the way back home.

Often, I walked to the house of my best friend, which was next to Bunsunville Mine. Together, this friend, Jenny, and I would explore the exterior of the mine. We tried, many times, to persuade a miner into taking us down into the interior; but whenever a mine official saw us loitering around the elevator, he chased us away. There was always the danger that we would fall into the open shaft. Father had once told me that when he looked up from the bottom of the shaft, he could see the stars when it was daylight outside. I always wanted to ride to the bottom of a shaft and find out if Father was telling the truth.

Although Jenny and I were restricted from the most mysterious section of the mine, the open shafts, we amused ourselves by watching the "coal cribs" running up and down the less inclined side of the slate pile which was directly over the mine. Actually, these cribs carrying coal from the surface of the mine to the freight cars were approximately ten feet long and five feet wide and deep. But from the cinder-covered ground at the very bottom of the slate pile, where my friend and I stood, the cribs looked like the toy cars we had got for Christmas.

On the way back to Jenny's house, we passed the huge dynamo which drove blasts of fresh air deep down into the mine. These dynamos "sputtered-and-thugged" all day long. Even inside Jenny's house I could hear the continuous faint murmur of the great machines.

The coal dust was everywhere in and around the mine. And on some days, a south wind would carry the dust into the town itself. Such days were great nuisances to everyone. Mother declared that whenever she had her wash on the line outside, the wind would always change its direction and bring the gritty coal dust. Just before a thunderstorm, when the wind came in gusts and whipped around corners, the town's people rushed to their homes and shut all the windows and doors. After the rain, when the coal dust had settled on the wet sidewalks or else was flowing sluggishly in the gutter, everyone would come out of his shelter again to resume his chores.

Nothing about Westville fixed itself so vividly upon my mind as the return of the miners from work, each evening. Whenever I heard the whistle of the four o'clock train, I ran out and swung on the front gate as I waited for Father to come down the street. I could see the miners come wearily over the hill from the train station at the end of Main Street. Some marched four-abreast and greeted me jokingly as they passed by; others shuffled along in pairs discussing bits of news; but most of them walked silently alone. I could never make out who the men were, because their faces were as black as the coal; only the whites of their eyes showed. The only way I could distinguish Father, at a distance, was by his stride. At a closer range, I recognized him by the way his carbide lamp was perched on the top of his head; the other men's lamps were pulled low over their foreheads. Also, Father's aluminum dinner pail, which he slung over his right shoulder, shone brighter, I thought, than all the other dinner pails.

A dinner pail is to a miner what a stethoscope is to a doctor, and a slide-rule is to an engineer. A miner is judged by the condition his pail is in. For instance, "Old Man Allen," as the town's people called him, was a heavy drinker who, on the way home from work, dropped in at all the saloons. He was very undependable, never keeping his word or promise. Old Man Allen's dinner pail was rusty at the hinges, carelessly smashed in at the sides, and deeply imbedded with coarse coal dust, indicating that the pail had never been thoroughly scrubbed. In contrast, Father's pail was so shiny that I could see the reflection of my face on the lid. In spots, the aluminum would wear away and reveal a dingy greyness; but the pail was clean.

After the miners got home, silence, as in the early morning, would again creep over the town. It is this very silence that I have craved for each evening, ever since I moved to the noisy big city. But the peaceful, quiet evenings and the homecoming of the miners are the only things I nostalgically look back to, for Westville today is not what it was ten years ago. The

miners have grown old, and most of them are on pensions. Their children, the younger generation, seeing no promising future in the mine, have gone away to larger cities. The town's streets and walks are badly in need of repair; most of the neon signs have been taken down; almost all the store windows have been smeared with white paint; and on Saturday nights, Main and State Streets are deserted.

My family and I consider ourselves fortunate to have left Westville for a larger city which holds a more promising future. But often, I look back at the "reliable past" and think of the happy childhood I had in that little mining town.

Boots and Saddles—1945

JACK LANGAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1944-1945

THE OTHER DAY, WHILE THUMBING THROUGH A COPY of one of the weekly news-magazines, we ran across a bit of news that set our blood pounding and a warm glow creeping over us. Tucked away in a column headed "War Miscellany" was a short paragraph stating that the first shipment of horses had been delivered safely to units of the First Cavalry Division in the Philippines and that mounted elements of that division might see action in the near future.

To the average reader this short bit of information might seem unimportant and slightly anachronistic, perhaps evoking the comment that horse-cavalry went out with the Mexican Border incident in 1916. To us it meant much more, possibly because of our having served nine months with the Seventh Cavalry Regiment of the First Cavalry Division during the early part of the present conflict.

Be that as it may, it wasn't for sentimental reasons alone that we lauded the entry of the horse-mounted units into the present wartime operations. Something more than sentimentality caused an able military strategist and factician like General Douglas MacArthur to call upon the services of man's oldest war-machine—the horse.

Since the advent of Nazi panzer techniques in the first year of the war, the American people and the armchair military experts have cried for the total abolition of horse units in our army. The twenty or so cavalry divisions that made up our mounted services in 1938 were, one by one, mechanized in full until by the spring of 1942 only the First, at Fort Bliss, Texas, and the Second, at Fort Riley, Kansas, remained predominantly horse outfits. The cry was tanks, tanks, and more tanks. All this in spite of the fact that

the first Nazi troops to enter Paris were mounted, that next to the airplane, the horse did more to help the Nazi conquest of Norway than any other part of the Prussian war machine.

In 1940, during United States Army maneuvers in east Texas and west Louisiana, the rapid advance of the mechanized "Red" Army was halted on the flats of the Sabine River by torrential rains which turned the plains into a quagmire. The "Blue" Army commander, calling on horse-drawn artillery from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, moved his pieces up where no tank, truck, or tractor could go and placed the "Reds" under such terrific theoretical fire that the battle was over and won in three days. *Horses* did that.

When MacArthur and his beleaguered army made their last-ditch stand on the peninsula of Bataan in the spring of 1942, their tanks were woefully inadequate in the thick forests and jungles. The trees were too big to push over and too close together to go between. MacArthur said, "If I had one fully equipped horse-mechanized division we would get out of this trap." A break through the Japanese lines and into the hills in the north of the island and those men might have had at least a chance to survive, instead of dying like rats in a trap. Horses *could* have done that.

Don't misunderstand our argument. The horse cavalry as it used to be is through. The tank is master at the game of fighting on the go—in most places. For terrain such as we fought on in North Africa, horses would have meant suicide. But for terrain like that in the Balkans, for instance, or Greece, where the roads are nothing but paths and the hills are all at least 45° angles, the horse will always remain king. Horses fit neatly into our modern army portée system, whereby the horses and men are loaded into trailer-vans and hauled swiftly as close to the front as the ground and highways permit, then unloaded and mounted for the journey to the battle line or for reconnaissance.

The modern trooper is, in reality, a far cry from the hard-riding, saber-swinging follower of Custer that most Americans envision at the mention of the word "cavalry-man." He is a specialist, an infantryman that gets where he's going on horseback rather than by truck. No better argument can be given for the maintenance of at least three horse-cavalry divisions in our modern army than the words of the master strategist and founder of present-day warfare tactics, General Nathan Bedford Forrest. In our own Civil War this great Confederate leader said, "The battle belongs to him who gets thar fustest with the mostest men!" If horses can get you there "fustest" on certain types of terrain, then there's still a place in 1945 warfare for the most colorful of the branches of the army, the cavalry.

It does us good to think that, somewhere in the Philippines, this morning a bugler will place his bugle to his lips and blow—"Boots and Saddles —1945."

Dogs Have Gone to War

MARGARET SHEPARD

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945

66 **C**HIPS AWARDED SILVER STAR FOR GALLANTRY IN ACTION." This caption appeared in many newspapers during November, 1943. Chips is a dog, one of the many ex-pets of our nation that are now fighting side by side with our soldiers on the fields of battle.

This war is not the only war in which man has made use of the dog. All through history the dog has played an active part in conflicts. As far back as 4000 B.C., dogs were used by the Egyptians, who kept them on the beaches to repel invasions. The Greeks, the Romans, and the Celts armed their "pets" with spiked collars and breastplates and sent them into the midst of the fighting to make direct attacks upon the enemy. Even during the Riff Campaign in Spanish Morocco, dogs had a role to play. The Riffs dressed them in turbans and "jellabas" and sent them out on the plain. From far off, the dogs looked like crouching men, and the Spanish invariably fired at them. It was a cruel way to use the animals, no doubt, but it disclosed the position of the Spanish, and so helped the Riffs.¹

Frederick the Great, during the Seven Years War, was the first to see the value of dogs in modern warfare. He used collies as sentries, ambulance aides, and messengers. Since then, dogs have been used extensively. They became famous during World War I as Red Cross dogs. Because of their acute sense of smell and hearing, they could find the wounded much more easily than a man could. They were taught to hunt only for wounded soldiers and to disregard the dead. First Aid kits were strapped around their necks, and the injured helped themselves if they were able. The dogs then tore a piece of clothing from the men and ran back to the kennels. Stretcher-bearers, upon receiving this notice, rescued the disabled soldiers from the field.²

For the past ten or twelve years, the Germans have been training at least 200,000 dogs for army work. Before Pearl Harbor, they shipped 25,000 of these trained dogs to Japan.³ Therefore, the Axis countries have been far ahead of us in equipping themselves with a force of army dogs, for it was not until 1942 that the Americans conceived the idea of a canine corps.

It was at a cocktail party that the idea was born. There, Harry I. Caesar, an investment broker; Mrs. Milton Erlanger, an owner of dog kennels; and

¹ Robert C. Ruark, "Have the War Dogs Been Good Soldiers?" *Saturday Evening Post*, 217 (November 25, 1944), 93.

² Genevieve Parkhurst, "Dogs of War," *Reader's Digest*, 32 (February, 1938), 82.

³ "Wanted: Dogs for War," *Reader's Digest*, 41 (August, 1942), 88.

Henry Stoecker, her kennel manager, developed the plan which was officially recognized by the War Department in April, 1942. Dogs for Defense, as they named it, is a non-profit organization which has been set up to recruit the eventual corps of 50,000 service dogs. It has turned to the American public for three things: (1) money, which would help cover the administrative expenses; (2) dogs which would fit Army specifications; and (3) trainers, experienced or not, who would undertake to teach the code of standards to qualified dogs.⁴

Since its beginning, many amateur and professional dog trainers have offered their services to D. F. D. Henry Stoecker, one of the instigators, well-known for teaching dogs police work, trained the first group of dogs. Together with Mrs. Erlanger, he wrote a manual as a guide for all trainers—a manual now used in twenty canine camps, where D. F. D. volunteers, such as Carl Spitz and Robert Pearce, trainers of movie dogs, and also many other noted trainers and dog fanciers are putting the dogs through their paces.

The qualifications for admission to this corps are so rigid as to eliminate a large percent of those canines whose owners wish to give them up to the army. To compensate for this, the War Dog Fund, an honorary organization, was founded for those who have 4-F dogs. The entry fee may be any amount the person wishes to pay, but the more he gives, the higher the rank for his dog. There are over 20,000 dogs in this civilian canine corps, with ranks of private all the way up to full general or admiral. This money goes to Dogs for Defense to cover their processing expenses.⁵

The processing, or basic training for an army recruit, lasts six weeks. It is during the first three weeks that the trainer can tell if the animal will make a good soldier. But before the dog can begin his training, he must pass a rigid entrance examination. He must be a healthy, ambitious dog, not more than five years old, stand eighteen to twenty-eight inches at the shoulder, and be a pure-bred or a cross-bred animal so that the trainers will know his inherited instincts.⁶ He must be intelligent, remember what he has learned, and, above all, be willing to use his knowledge. If the dog passes this examination, he has a serial number tattooed in his ear and becomes the property of the United States Army.

His training then begins. For six weeks he goes through the routine of learning the four basic commands. For one and one-half to two hours daily, or until he loses interest, the dog practices these commands. The dog's name always precedes each command:

1. "Heel." The dog remains close to the left of the handler. This is to keep the man's right hand free. The trainer presses down on the dog's head

⁴ Joseph Israels, "Soldiers on Leashes," *Saturday Evening Post*, 215 (September 5, 1942), 57.

⁵ "Dog Admirals," *Newsweek*, 21 (February 15, 1943), 30.

⁶ Joseph Israels, *op. cit.*, p. 20.

or neck and repeats "heel" over and over until the dog understands. He must learn to do this while sitting, standing, or walking.

2. "Stay." The dog remains motionless, sitting or standing. The trainer uses firm pressure of his left hand to keep the dog in place. The dog must remain there, whether the man stays or goes away.

3. "Out." The dog ranges in any direction indicated by a wave of the instructor's hand.

4. "Come." The dog must return to the handler, wherever he is. The dog, to be taught this command, is put on a leash, which is yanked when the word "come" is uttered.⁷

During the last week of training, the dog becomes acquainted with the man he is to work with hereafter, his soldier-master. The two, together, then leave for finishing school. Here, the dog is assigned to a special duty, and he has a few weeks in which to perfect the lessons given him.

A sentry dog is the most needed and goes through the most rigid training. He must learn to be suspicious of all people but his handler. He must give warning of approaching persons by coming to attention and emitting an inaudible growl which warns only the handler, who keeps his fingers at the dog's throat, and can feel the pulsations. If he is ordered to attack, he must do so without hesitation. After accomplishing these tricks, he has to do them in the presence of all sorts of distractions, from chickens to actual gunfire. Then he must learn to perform in complete darkness, since much of his work will be done at night.⁸

The Red Cross and messenger dogs are not given the "commando" course (attacking human beings). When a Red Cross dog finds a wounded man, he takes the "brinsal" in his mouth. This is a leather-covered stick suspended from the dog's collar. With this as evidence of his discovery, he reports to his base. He then leads medical corpsmen back to the wounded soldier. The idea of the brinsal was adopted in this war, because, in 1918, the dog sometimes became so excited when he found a wounded man that, in tearing off a piece of clothing, he further injured the soldier.⁹ The messenger dog goes through a regular obstacle course each day. No obstacle can be too hard for him. He swims rivers, scales walls, crawls through dense underbrush and under barbed-wire entanglements, and makes his way through the heaviest traffic of city streets. He never pauses to fight, chase cats, play with children, or accept food from strangers. Nothing must interfere with his errand.¹⁰

Dogs are used for many other purposes, too. They are taught to ferret out land mines, follow the trail of an escaped prisoner or spy, carry packs of supplies and ammunition, and string telephone wires.

⁷ Avery Strakosch, "Canine Corps," *Collier's*, 3 (January 2, 1943), 32-33.

⁸ Joseph Israels, *op. cit.*, p. 21.

⁹ "Training Dogs for Defense," *Popular Mechanics*, 78 (July, 1942), 89.

¹⁰ Frederick Simpich, "Your Dog Joins Up," *National Geographic Magazine*, 83 (January, 1943), 95.

When the dog has finished his training, he is ready for active duty. Some dogs stay in the United States to guard essential factories and warehouses. Others go right into combat to apply what they have learned.

Over here, the dogs have done a commendable job. In one case, a Dalmatian sentry dog probably saved many lives and much valuable property by his alertness. He was pacing a wharf at a West Coast city with his soldier-handler. Suddenly he came to attention. When the soldier searched the pier, he found nothing. But the dog was insistent, so the soldier finally hailed a passing harbor patrol. The trouble was soon discovered, for a Jap in a rowboat was routed out from beneath the pier. With him were all the tools needed for a good job of sabotage.¹¹

Overseas, also, the dogs have proved their worth. In the jungle they have done their best work. Caesar, a German shepherd, is a good example of the help the dogs have given our soldiers. Caesar landed on Bougainville with the Marines in the first assault. On the first day, he was the only means of communication between Company M and the battalion post. He carried messages and captured Jap papers for nine round trips, a total of thirty-one miles (two trips under gunfire). Shortly after, when he and his master were advancing, Caesar heard the click of a grenade. He ran into the bushes and caught the Jap's arm in mid-air. The grenade dropped and exploded, killing the Jap and wounding Caesar in the hip and side.¹² Duke is another dog that has become famous in the South Pacific. He is called the "Sergeant York of the dog world." At New Guinea he "flushed" fifty Jap snipers, and at Cape Gloucester the number was eighty.¹³

In the European theater of war, dogs have been used extensively. Chips, the dog mentioned at the beginning of this paper, landed at Blue Beach, in Italy. A hidden machine gun nest was causing a lot of trouble for our soldiers, but Chips found it, ran into the hut, and singlehandedly eliminated it. He was awarded the Silver Star for this deed, and stood proudly at attention while the division General pinned it on his collar.¹⁴

Not always do the dogs have such good luck, however, for sometimes the owner of a dog sent into action will receive a letter from the War Department, stating:

It is with regret that I write to inform you of the death of _____, donated by you for use in connection with the armed forces of the United States. It is hoped that the knowledge that this brave dog was killed in the service of our country will mitigate the regret occasioned by the news of his death.¹⁵

¹¹ Avery Strakosch, *loc. cit.*

¹² Paul Healy, "Our Animal Allies," *Popular Mechanics*, 82 (August, 1944), 33-34.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 34.

¹⁴ "Chips; Gallantry in Action," *Time*, 42 (November 22, 1943), 72.

¹⁵ Temple Fielding, "Dogs of War—the K-9 Corps," *Reader's Digest*, 44 (January, 1944), 118.

When the training of these dogs was begun, the D. F. D. promised to return the pets after the war, their disposition unimpaired. But now, official orders rescind that promise. The parting is final when the dogs are given to the army, for the United States plans to have a large unit of war dogs on hand.¹⁶ Thus, this training may go on for many years, and dogs will continue to show themselves as good fighters.

¹⁶ Avery Strakosch, *loc. cit.*

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Gold Inlay

JO ANN ATOR

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1944-1945

OF ALL MY EXPERIENCES AS A DENTAL ASSISTANT I think I most enjoyed seeing Doctor make a gold inlay. It is an operation calling for the utmost skill and dexterity of even the best dentist, and I consider Doctor one of the best.

After I had slapped a napkin around the would-be sufferer's neck and prepared the necessary instruments, Doctor took over. The first step was to prepare the tooth for the gold inlay; this requires a great deal of drilling and polishing, but isn't very painful. After such an interval I brought Doctor the blue wax, which he slightly heated and slipped into the prepared cavity. When the wax had been put into place carefully and had set, the tedious part of the business started. With an instrument not as large or as big around as a pin, Doctor attempted to remove the wax without injuring its shape. This is called "drawing the wax pattern." Successfully completing this, he dismissed the patient and told him to return several days later. For me, the fun was just beginning.

This tiny piece of blue wax, so perfect and delicate in form, must be transformed in some manner into a gold inlay, fit for a human mouth. The first time I saw this done, I watched open-mouthed as Doctor swiftly placed the wax pattern on a tiny pin-like sprocket attached to a small base. He heated a small bowl of plaster, a fine type used only by dentists, and began to place minute particles of it on the wax pattern with a brush. It was a difficult process, for there must be no air bubbles to mar the inlay's form. When a cylinder had been placed over the sprocket and completely filled with plaster, the job was turned over to me. The plaster hardened and set. I then removed the tiny pin-like sprocket, and inverting the cylinder so that a tiny air passage reached up to the wax, I placed it on the electric stove. Here the wax melted and disappeared, leaving a perfect mold for the inlay.

Again Doctor took charge. He took several squares of gold, placed them in an asbestos-lined plaster dish and applied intense heat with a blowtorch. Meanwhile I had fastened the plaster mold to the centrifugal machine. Then, I turned to watch the melting gold. First it was a brilliant orange, but as the heat grew more intense, it finally turned into a beautiful molten, silver liquid. Doctor placed it in a little plaster dish with a tube leading to the entrance of the air passage of our mold, set in plaster. He then wound the machine around and around, much as a child winds himself in a swing. At a center point, Doctor suddenly let loose, and with a loud "swoosh" the gold was forced into the air passage and into the mold by the force of the unwinding machine.

The gold still sizzling hot, Doctor grasped the mold with forceps and dropped it into a pan of cold water. It sizzled and boiled for a few minutes, exploding the plaster mold and hardening the gold pattern simultaneously.

It was then my job to search through the pan for the gold inlay. After dunking it in acid, we finally had a complete gold inlay, an exact replica of the wax pattern we had drawn.

"I Dislike . . ."

I dislike the radio comedians who begin, "Funniest thing happened to me on the way over to the studio tonight . . ."; the concerts that feature a voice with a "purple hush," saying, "The house lights dim, the orchestra is tuning up, and the leader takes his usual place"; and the singer who insists on thanking you "on behalf of myself and the boys in the band." I dislike the programs that are always saluting somebody. It's beginning to sound a little silly. It's either the Spars of the Hotel Lincoln, or the Brooklyn Navy Yard, or the Paper Bag Company of Fall River. I dislike the young lady who says her name is Moitle Glutz and that she comes from Brooklyn. Cheers, screams, whistles, low moans, and that noise they make with their feet in the balcony, herald this simple confession. "Well, well, folks," booms the quiz master, "I guess there must be somebody here tonight from Brooklyn."—ROSEMARY TORNELLE

Factory—Wartime

HERBERT J. SHANER, JR.

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

THERE WAS IN THAT VAST EXPANSE OF WIRES, MACHINERY, and oil-soaked floor very little room to do anything but stand at one's machine and endlessly, monotonously turn the shiny steel crank around and around—around and around all day long except when this boring, tedious procedure was punctuated by the rest periods, the noon hour, and the four o'clock signal to quit for the day. Nothing to do during that time but keep half one's mind on the little spinning piece of metal that was in the machine and the other half on odd little things. After working in such a place for three months, one found the little things that he could attach his mind to becoming scarce. Hugo's mind constantly was trying to imagine and fathom the hours of labor and tons of materials that must have gone into this gigantic product of man's brain. To him, the beams that tangled and interwove their way across the three-block-square room were symbols of the power that America possessed. He often tried to count the tens of thousands of electric wires that ran from the machinery to the main power circuits above. He became panicky when he imagined himself one of the men that were called upon to find out why and where a machine had been suddenly cut off from its source of power.

Hugo, who had been working in a bakery for the last twenty years, thought that this was a grand adventure, a place of enchantment. Nevertheless, he disliked turning the shining steel crank. But he swelled with pride when the trim, blonde secretary scrawled "machinist" across his first union card. Of course, Hugo could not do anything to his lathe but switch it on and off and turn the crank. Whenever anything went wrong with his huge charge, he would scurry down the narrow path that ran between the countless machines and tell the "bossman" his plight. The same thing would happen every time. Mr. Varnosky, the big Polack that wore a suit to work, would grab the interfactory phone, dial a combination of numbers, and then spill out hurriedly in his broken English, "Send a feller to fix no. 422 in section two. Yeah, she's busted."

The little baker would look up at the big Polish fellow with an apologetic, half frightened expression on his small face. The "bossman" would then try to cheer the little fellow up and be firm with him at the same time; after all, he was a "company" man now. He couldn't simply say that the company could afford to pay for the blunder, as he would have said had he not been a foreman. He had to stick up for his company, for he was on salary now. The phone would ring and the difficult minutes between foreman and work-

man would be ended. The little German cook would then go back to his machine and await the man that was being sent to repair it. He would stand and wait as if he were a special man that had nothing more to do—just stand.

The plant during the day shift was a mass of human beings going one way and another, and to any spectator it would seem that these people had nothing better to do than walk about the huge birthplace of bomber motors. Men from the front office in business suits, white shirts, and gay-colored ties moved slowly down the large corridors with worried, excited expressions on their freshly shaven faces. Hugo often remarked to the little Jewish fellow that worked next to his machine that he thought more people walked about than worked. But just the same he, himself, loved to turn off his machine, hike up his pants, and join the throng that filled the wide alley-way.

One could certainly tell that times were good when he ventured into one of the large restrooms that were placed conveniently about the large plant. To go into any one of them was like going into an entirely different world, for it seemed that it was being used for everything except for what it was intended. In one corner, particularly on payday, some were flipping coins high up into the air, catching them, and slapping them on the backs of their hands. This action would be followed by a chorus of obscenity and the exchanging of coins. They were not tossing pennies; why be so cheap when everyone has shiny quarters and half dollars? Hugo often watched, but he never offered to participate. Even a quarter was a lot of money to a baker. In another corner a group of men were bent over little yellow cards. It was in this corner that the men foretold the collegiate football scores. A half "rock" on four teams brought eight bucks. On the days that the football cards were not in circulation the bookies were represented by racing sheets. Hugo knew that the bookie did not drive a LaSalle and go to Florida because he did not make money. Yes, the "can" was a wonderful institution. It was crowded eight hours of every day, for everyone went down at least three times a day at twenty minutes a trip. It was a scene of laughter, disorder, and profanity framed by a thick cloud of cigarette smoke. Men tossed for quarters and forgot the war.

One of the people that bustled down the main corridor of this huge arsenal of defense every day was Jim Smith from the tool room. It was his job to handle all of the interplant orders that came into the tool room. When he was going down the hall, he was on his way to the heat treating department with a cart full of tools that had to be tempered before they could be finished. He would walk with a brisk step accompanied by a whistle. Of course, no one that was not within five feet of him could hear him because of the shrill noises of reluctant steel being carved by even harder steel at the huge "bullard" machines. He was only eighteen, and, therefore, the men of the tool room thought they had a natural right to hand him advice, regardless of whether it was wanted or not.

To Jim Smith, working at Buick Motors Division was a "lark." It was a simple way of earning sixty dollars a week. He regarded working there as a great experience in meeting different types of people. He did not intend to work there all his life, but this was merely a bridge on the road. Most of the men in the plant had worked in plants like this all their lives; he was going to stay only until September. Besides, he felt sorry for the people that worked there. He couldn't see, as they did, paying for a six-thousand-dollar house with his entire life's work. He came from the wrong side of the tracks. He had eaten too well during his brief eighteen years.

When Hugo came into the plant in the morning, he would go to his locker and place his carefully packed lunch on the top shelf, change into his oil drenched overalls and shoes, and go out into the cream tiled corridor. At ten minutes of eight this three-block hall was a moving stream of blue-uniformed women and apron-clad men. There were three such halls, and all of them spanned the width of the entire building. Hugo would edge over to the stairway nearest his section of the plant above and talk to Fred Kudhal. Their conversations frequently included the fact that they were damned tired of getting up at six-thirty in the morning and coming to work when it was still dark.

One morning after Hugo had changed his clothes, he found big, dark-haired Fred waiting for him with an excited look on his large face. "Morning, Fred," said Hugo in his bakery shop friendliness.

"Hi ya, 'Ugo. Did ja hear what happened to one of de big guns yes' day?" Without waiting for an answer the big fellow bubbled excitedly on. "Well, dat guy, by de name of Sagerman, in the tool room—!"

"Didn't catch the name," interrupted Hugo.

"Sagerman, ya hoid of de bird," repeated Fred, impatient to tell his story. "Dat Jewish foreman in de tool room came to de plant drunker dan a dilly. De cops wouldn't let no drunk guy in no matter who he said he was. Damn good for de Yid."

"Are they going to give him the boot?" said the little German, who was not very excitable, even by such news as this. All of the employees liked to see the "big wigs" get into trouble.

"Yeah, dat's w'at I hoid dey was goin' to do ta de Hebe," replied Fred with a satisfied air. "Ya know, sometimes I t'ink dat guy Hitler has de right idea of killing off dose damn Jews. Dey want every damn t'ing a fella has, and dey still ain't satisfied."

Hugo, seeing the little Jew, Max, said nothing. Besides, a German that had only been in this country for twenty-five years watched what he said. He also remembered that Fred was absent quite often, because he was so tight that he could not sit up. The sounding of the bell caused the whole hall to move toward the stairway and work.

At the other end of the same line that Hugo was in, Jane Johnson sat at the bore-mill machine. She came from the north side of Chicago and was proud of it. The huge mechanical nightmare placed fifty tapped holes in an aluminum "head" in one operation. She felt as if she were really doing something when she placed the "head" on the machine and pressed the button that sent the fifty drills in the precisely correct position. She did this day after day in the hope that her husband, who was in Africa with the Army, could have his job back after the war.

Since Jane was so young and good looking, Jim Smith found it easy to stop and talk to her on his way to the heat treating department. Jane liked to talk to him, because he was either too stupid or too shy to bring up some of the things the married men did. In this way each found out what was going on in the other's part of the plant. Jim admired the way in which she had so much faith in the part she was playing in the war effort. She was also probably the only person in the plant that would not buy an illegal gas, shoe, or butter coupon. That was the quality that made her one of the plant's most effective bond sales girls. It was during the Fifth Loan drive that her husband was killed.

Hugo had the habit of looking up at eleven o'clock every morning. Eleven o'clock meant that in one-half hour he would go down to eat. Therefore, he would pick up a piece of cloth and begin to wipe the oil off his hands. It always seemed to him that the last half hour before lunch was the longest half hour in the day. He shut his machine off about one-half minute before the bell sounded and started down the aisle. The bell would sound, and he would forget that he was no longer a young man, for he would run down the machine-walled path toward the stairway and lunch.

The lunch room was one of the most interesting places in the huge factory. It was a large room that was equipped to handle a thousand people every twenty minutes. There were five separate lines to the gleaming, food laden counters. From the counters to the opposite wall, tables and chairs were placed in long, even rows. These were soon filled by the hungry men and women. The fact that they had only twenty minutes in which to eat is, in itself, an apt description of the scene that took place there every noon.

Hugo sat at a table near the rear of the cafeteria with Max, Fred Kudhal, and several others that worked in his department. They discussed everything from the war situation to the spats with the "little woman." One of their favorite topics of conversation was the activities of their great benefactor, President Roosevelt. President Roosevelt, according to the husky Italian, was the man that took the wrinkles out of their bellies. If the half hour before lunch was the longest in the day, the twenty minutes for lunch were certainly the shortest; but the instant the bell rang, a shuffle of chairs officially ended the period.

When the four o'clock bell rang out its dismissing note, everyone surged toward the lockers and time-clocks like a herd of stampeding cattle. It took fifteen minutes to get one's car out of the parking lots that spread the full length of the plant on either side. On Friday, payday, it was even worse. On this day everybody made a mad dash for the nearest saloons that had huge amounts of beer to meet the thirsty workers.

Hugo did not ride with his driver on Friday, for he had no desire to wait at the tavern two hours for the man to go home. He just stuffed the check in his pocket and took the bus home with the explanation, "Christine will take care of it." He often had to take the bus on Saturdays also, for that was the big day at the track.

Although the members of the Buick Motors Division were receiving more money now than they had ever gotten in their lives, they bought things which under ordinary circumstances they would not have thought of buying. However, Christine had seen too many days when Hugo had had hardly enough money to buy flour for his bakery, not to put some of his weekly earnings away for the days that were to come. Jim Smith's money went into the bank. Fred Kudhal and many others like him also put their money in the bank, but their bank was their stomachs—beer was the money.

. . . .

Mr. Andrew H. Lang sat at his huge desk in a luxurious office, peering at a letter and thinking of the huge plant that would respond to his every wish. He thought of the three hundred and forty-six days it took to build the Buick Motors Division plant and start it producing. To those he proudly added the measly one hundred and sixty-five days that it took to get the gigantic womb producing at peak. His mind ran over the days when this magnificent factory was nothing but a prairie and a blueprint. He recalled, as he sat looking over the sea of cars in the parking lot, how he ran giant advertisements in papers from coast to coast in order to get the necessary man-power. He bought up the land for miles around, put it into the hands of realtors, and sold it to the people that were going to work in his plant. He laughed at the six-thousand-dollar houses strung out for miles around the plant. He swelled with pride when he thought of the visit the President of the United States paid to his motor plant. He even shook hands with one of his own employees that day. He wondered who the lucky fellow was—Stamokosky or something like that. He relived the day on which the plant was awarded the Army-Navy E for having broken production goals. As he continued to look at the paper he held, he thought of his home in Michigan and going back to it. He suddenly sat up and once more assumed the characteristics of Andrew H. Lang, President. He clicked the switch on his desk and told the office force to prepare to lay off fifty per cent in all departments. Hugo still turned the shiny steel crank and waited for four o'clock.

Art—Made to Order

BEVERLY LIPPMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

FOR YEARS I HAVE BEEN INTERESTED IN THE TYPE OF art that average, middle-class people buy for their home. I compared the taste and knowledge of art that people displayed when they selected their pictures, with the knowledge of art that I had received at many art schools; and I arrived at certain conclusions. First of all, I decided that I could duplicate, with very little effort, the type of pictures that were bought. Secondly, although I would have my selling prices lower than those of the department stores, I could still make a large profit.

Thus my business began. In a few months I made ten pictures which were quickly sold. My customers not only bought the pictures but also served as agents for other customers, simply by displaying my pictures in their own homes. People who came to these homes saw them, admired them, and wanted copies for their own walls. As my business improved and I became more adept at my work, I was given ample opportunity to formulate more conclusions about the art taste of average people, and thus I learned more about how to paint pictures that they would buy.

First, I found it advisable to know the person for whom I was planning to do a job. In this way, I was able to discover his taste in art, and by painting what pleased him, I was certain that he would buy my picture. People react strangely to art. Many average people, after hearing the comments of their neighbors, decide that they, themselves, dislike modern art without even looking at it. If they do look at it, they scoff without even attempting to understand what the artist was trying to express in his masterpiece. It is a definite fact that few people, if any, actually know the exact emotions that an artist has when he paints an abstraction or any other modern piece. If the layman, however, would at least attempt to acquaint himself with some of the problems of space-breaking, either by trying to make a modern picture or by reading authoritative explanations of the problem, he would soon learn to respect such art and would no longer consider it comparable to a child's scribbling. At the other extreme, there are many people who claim to love modern art. Actually, they like it because they consider such art the "rage." They extol its qualities because in their eyes and in the eyes of their neighbors, it is the thing to do. These people would be completely lost if they were asked by art authorities why they liked the pictures they bought.

Unfortunately, the favorite type of picture of the majority of people is that which is as photographic in appearance as possible. If a tree looks like a tree and an apple looks like an apple, the painting has fulfilled its require-

ments as an art piece, and is considered pleasing. This type of art appreciator also likes pictures which extol "beauty," whether it be in a landscape or in a room interior.

When you have decided in which group of art appreciator your customer belongs, you have completed the first step of a particular job. The actual selection of subject matter is easy. Usually, the person liking photographic art will take you up to the art department of a store, and, with an awed expression in his eyes, will triumphantly point to his ideal picture—usually a copy of a vase and perhaps two oranges. Then you go home, find your own vase, add a banana to the arrangement, and strive for the same realness of effect that the picture in the department store had. Sometimes, a person has a pet subject, such as Chinese prints, which you can interpret to your own liking. I prefer this latter method:

Before you begin your work, the customer and you decide upon a price for it. This is not a difficult problem because you can gauge according to the prices charged by the stores. If you feel that your customer can afford it, you can probably charge the same price that stores do for the particular type and size that you are painting; if you have any qualms concerning your customer's financial status, you should lower the price.

When you have chosen the subject matter, you need to consider the medium in which you are going to paint it. As the average layman who is buying the picture is unfamiliar with such things as the types of paint, this is usually the problem of the artist. It can be decided upon by preference only. You will probably choose the medium in which you feel you do your most effective work in the shortest time. The most popular media for pictures in the average home are oils, water colors, and temperas. I usually do the majority of my pictures in water color or tempera.

The supplies that have to be used while painting a picture are well-known to those who work in paints. For water colors and temperas, I always have a large jar of clear water, a few pieces of absorbent cloth, a few flat pans in which to mix paints, good sable brushes ranging from the smallest to practically the largest in size, and a complete set of paint tubes that are well filled.

It is always difficult for you to decide when your picture is completed. When you are painting a picture for a person, you are faced with the problem of whether or not your results will please your customer. You want to please yourself, too. So the question arises as to who is to be pleased first. You do not want to lose your customer by painting the picture in a manner he will not like. I take a chance; I paint my picture until I, myself, am thoroughly satisfied with the results. So far, I have not lost a customer.

I have enjoyed my little business immensely, although I have discontinued it since I have come to college. It takes a lot of time and patience, I will admit, but I have still found my avocation amusing as well as profitable.

In Features Only

TSUTOMU G. ARAI

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

DECEMBER 7, 1941, IS ONE DAY THAT WILL LONG BE remembered by all who live in America because of the changes it brought into their lives. Especially is this true of the Japanese Americans, called *niseis*. Very few people know what we have to overcome and how we feel about the situation.

We have oriental features but our souls are American. We were born in this country, and the seed of democracy was planted within our hearts. We were educated to understand and to believe in democracy. We studied, worked, and played with other Americans. The seed of freedom was just sprouting when Pearl Harbor was headline news. Like the rest of the world, we were surprised. Shock and fear followed, and in our hearts there was a feeling that someone had just stepped on the seed that was developing into a firm belief in democracy. People stared at us, cursed us, and called us names. People we considered our best friends turned away from us. Our parents were interned by the Federal Bureau of Investigation on the grounds that they were considered dangerous enemy aliens. Thus our homes were split. Day by day the order to evacuate the West Coast was imminent. Because of this constant threat, we sold our houses cheap, gave away our furniture; and as we worked to clear our properties, we could always notice the heartbroken look on the faces of the older generation as they saw everything they had built crumble before their eyes.

But the younger generation wondered if this forced evacuation was to be carried out. Was it just to treat innocent citizens the way the government was treating us? We were in no position to argue or protest. The marker "A Jap is always a Jap" was placed on us—our features are oriental. Deep inside our hearts that little seed of democracy was uprooted.

Evacuation came like a sudden storm in March, 1942, and within three months, all of the Japanese were evacuated from the West Coast. Out of every three Japanese, two were American citizens. No charges had been filed against us, nor were we tried by any court. Evacuation was on racial, or, perhaps more accurately, on ancestral grounds. It was the largest single forced migration in American history.

Relocation centers in which we were placed were not normal communities. With barbed wire fences and strict military police guards, the camps took on a prison look. Because of the evacuation order, friends and families were split, homes were abandoned, and businesses were closed. The pleasant,

equal American way of life was a thing of the past; and the future was only a hope, and no longer an assurance.

In January, 1943, the Japanese American combat teams, the 100th and the 442nd, were being organized. This was the step that proved more than anything else that the *niseis* are a willing and loyal group.

In one section of the nation, a call for 1500 men was made for these teams, but more than 9600 volunteered. Then, suddenly, the Selective Service began to induct the *niseis* into these units. Many in the group were opposed to enforced enlistment because of the treatment we were receiving, but a logical conclusion was reached. Prior to December 7, we lived a normal, simple American life. We had the best of education. We ate, played, worked, and worshipped as we pleased. Yes, accepting the induction would be wise, for it was a chance to fight side by side with other Americans to restore the rights we once held.

The organization of the combat teams was started, and induction was in full swing. My cousin was inducted, and from his letters I can clearly relate the feelings and achievements of the fighting units. While the boys were training in the States, the *niseis* had to take a lot of abuse from Jap haters. The uniforms didn't mean much to these trouble makers—the boys in them did not look like Americans. Yet, they trained. Finally the day came when they were to show their loyalty to the people of their country. From known data and statistics, we learn that the 100th and 442nd, of the Fifth Army, landed and established the beachhead at Salerno in Italy, and have taken part in every major action. In their battalion of 1300 men, they have more than 1000 Purple Hearts. I am going to quote a *nisei* soldier writing in *Colliers*, because he shows the feelings of every Japanese American: "We aren't like the Japanese and German troops who fight only because they are sent somewhere and made to. We know what we are fighting for—for our country, like other American boys. We are fighting a little harder because we are anxious to let people know we are good Americans, so that our families would be better thought of and better treated back home."

Yes! In Italy they tried so hard to prove their loyalty that fully two-thirds of the battalion became casualties.

Because of the outstanding loyalty of the combat teams, we at home are being granted the rights that were once ours. The seed of democracy in our hearts is sprouting once more, and the future seems a little more assuring.

Today you will see service stars hanging in the windows of most of our homes. Our mothers are wearing service pins with stars to indicate that their sons are serving their country, and in the casualty lists of the daily newspaper, you can see a name like Akiyama beside John Doe. Regardless of our color or creed, we are fighting with the sincere belief that democracy will one day mean that all men are created equal.

A Year in the Yukon

ADELAIDE JAUCH

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

THE SILVER-BODIED CANADIAN PACIFIC AIRLINER settled itself on the runway.

"Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada," said the pilot. "End of the line. End of the world."

As I stepped off the plane and looked around, I was sure he was right. This was the end of the world, this dusty little town, a huddle of log cabins and ramshackle houses, completely surrounded by the quonset huts and barracks of Army and civilian construction camps. And this was to be my home for the next nine months. In my purse was a contract which said I was to work for the Dowell Construction Company, Alaska Highway contractor, for that length of time. I had signed it of my own free will, anticipating adventure and excitement. But this sense of anticipation was lost, lost in the sandy dust that swirled about me. Well, they had told me about the dust and the mosquitoes, a family of which had already discovered the back of my neck. But they had lied when they said it would be cool here. A July sun was beating down, and my woolen suit and sweater were uncomfortably warm. I was angry. I was disappointed. I was homesick.

The room to which I was shown, when I finally arrived at the camp itself, only served to heighten my disappointment. It was small and bare, containing only a chest of drawers, a desk, a straight-backed chair, and a narrow cot, covered with a rough Army blanket. It smelled of fresh paint and green wood. I was certain I could never call it "my room."

The next morning I reported at the barnlike office building and was put to work typing inventories. I protested that I was a stenographer but was merely told that the inventories were important. This calm statement of fact jolted me out of my depressed, self-pitying mood. I may have accepted the job for the novelty and the fun; but I had been hired to work, and work I would.

Monotonous as the inventories proved to be, I found myself actually enjoying the working day. There was an easy informality about the office. Executives and clerks intermingled, laughing and joking, ridiculing one another's home states, telling outlandish tales of the size of the mosquitoes and the rigors of a Yukon winter. But, above all, there was a job being done, and there was pride in doing that job and in being part of an historic and daring project.

And while I was discovering enjoyment and pride in my work, I was also finding the novelty and fun I had anticipated.

The camp itself was a novelty. Row after row of barracks, office buildings, machine shops, a postoffice, a recreation hall—it was a little city in itself. All meals were served in messhalls, and the cooks were more than accommodating in providing mid-afternoon and evening snacks and picnic lunches. All of the fruits and vegetables were canned; we ate powdered or whole eggs, and powdered or canned milk. But skilled cooks worked at making the food palatable, and sixty girls, who averaged a gain in weight of five pounds each, will testify to their success.

The women's barracks were presided over by two matrons who saw that we got up in the morning and got to bed sometime during the night. They were ever ready to advise or console. Little by little, conveniences were added—a washing machine, a bathtub, a recreation room which became a nightly center of activity. In spite of its bareness, the "Kitten Kennel," as it had been styled, became home.

The natural beauties of the North constantly awed me. The most lonesome soldier, the most hardened laborer were entranced by the Northern Lights as they moved magically across the sky, disappeared and returned, pale green and yellow, rose and lavender. The snow-capped mountains, the sun rising over them and giving them a rosy halo, the long, long winter nights, the twenty or more hours of daylight in the summer, more than compensated for the dust and mosquitoes, the ankle-deep mud in the spring, the sub-zero winter weather.

The town of Whitehorse itself proved interesting and novel. A remnant of the Gold Rush days of the 1890's, it was saved from becoming just another ghost town by its railroad, which is an important link in the transportation system of Canada's northwest. At Whitehorse the Lewes River, a tributary of the mighty Yukon, becomes too swift and narrow to be navigable; here the river traffic is transferred to the narrow-gauge railroad which snakes its way along the sides of mountains one hundred and ten miles to Skagway, Alaska. The population of Whitehorse is about six hundred in normal times; its streets are narrow and unpaved; its walks are of board. Because of its isolated position, it had more to offer than the average town of its size, but it was unable to accommodate the thousands of demanding Americans who descended upon it.

The three hotels—the biggest one, the cleanest one, and the one that had bugs—were filled to capacity. The restaurants were crowded every night with highly paid construction men looking for something, anything, to spend their money on, and "Spam-weary" soldiers seeking steaks. Crowds lined up in front of the Whitehorse Theater to see a two-year-old movie. The depart-

ment stores were cleared of heavy clothing before winter set in. Souvenir shops were open day and night selling Indian-made moccasins, mastodon ivory and gold nugget jewelry, and souvenir pillow covers at prices way above their value. Little shacks were erected one week and open for the sandwich-and-coffee trade the next. A new theater was erected, complete with neon lights, and the "98" Ballroom came into existence—the "98," which charged a couple two dollars, a stag three dollars, and gave an unaccompanied girl one dollar.

From the looks of the town one would have thought that it provided the only source of amusement, but this was not true. One of the construction camps had weekly dances, another had its own theater, and they all had parties on various occasions. Each Army company had regular dances and movies; the Red Cross had a club for enlisted men and their guests; there were officers' clubs and non-coms' clubs, and two orchestras, composed of Army personnel, to provide music.

I have often been told that it was this social life which kept the American girls happy. I can speak of keeping up a soldier's morale; but I cannot deny that it was fun. When it's twenty-to-one in favor of the men (or should I say the girls?) no girl is a wallflower. And no girl was. There was a dance someplace five nights of the week, and girls were urged to go without dates to give everyone a chance. If dancing became tiresome, there was a picnic or a drive on the highway in a jeep or other Army vehicle. There seemed to be no end to the quaint and interesting things to see around the countryside: Lake La Barge, made famous by the poems of Robert Service; Carcross, home of Jack London; Kluane Lode, where the Highway was dedicated; the Whitehorse Rapids; Miles Canyon, where so many goldrushers lost their lives; the deserted copper mine; Ice Lake, fine for fishing and ice-skating; Indian villages; Indian cemeteries.

Amid surroundings and activities such as these I had no difficulty fulfilling my nine-month contract plus three months more.

Eventually the time came for me to leave, and I boarded the funny little train that was to take me to Skagway. From Skagway I would go to Juneau and take a boat to Seattle, and after Seattle there would be home and family and a delayed college education. The future was not dull, by any means, but I could not look ahead; I could only look back. I could think only of this dusty little town and the friends I was leaving. I would never see most of those friends again, and the happy times and unusual experiences we had shared were now but memories. Just one short year ago I had successfully battled tears of regret upon arriving. Now I was battling tears of regret at leaving. But these were different; they could not be conquered.

Rhet as Writ

He took his office in 1919, the year before construction began, but through his tireless efforts he died in 1924.

. . . .

He works at the telegraph office as the assistant to Mr. Grogan, the operator and drunkard.

. . . .

Meddling with older fellows was my hobby, and many an afternoon I would come home with the scares of battle.

. . . .

I want to live on a farm with my husband and children and common beasts.

. . . .

I was proud to feel myself a clog in this great machine.

. . . .

You will also meet extraordinary characters such as Bustle McQuistion, whose moral standards were raised just high enough so everyone could see what was hidden below them.

. . . .

These springs are not affected by the . . . hot desert waists of Africa.

. . . .

She was a pulcherious blonde, with eyes of blue, who walked slowly.

. . . .

Soon after the success of several series of Zanuck's productions, he and Warner Bros. spit.

. . . .

I frankly think it good to change one's hair so long as it sticks to the environment.

. . . .

A coach's personality is what brings men out of the game on stretchers, with pulverized faces, broken limbs, and heaving lungs.

Honorable Mention

- John Bloomfield—*Married Life and College*
Equatorial Nightfall Aboard a U. S. Transport
- James Brand—*Squirrel Hunt*
- David Brierley—*For Muscular Development—Weight Lifting*
- Robert Cushman—*Getting into Character*
- William Ditzler—*The Cottrell Precipitator*
- Ferne Douglass—*Bertha*
- John Flanagan—*Whittling*
- Emil Freireich—*The Common Cold*
- Shirley Gloger—*The Tarnished Buddha*
- Romona Hart—*The Strength of My Father*
- Madelyn Lang—*I Watched a Colt Grow Up*
- June Nixon—*Good Fencing*
- Ernest Orcutt—*A Queen Dies*
- Frank Pacelli—*"George"*
- Eudice Tourk—*Behind the Music of Shostakovich*
- Jo Ann Wetzler—*The Dress Suit*

